look down and don't wonder anything at all about the train and where it's going. I know that too. I can see the outdoor tennis courts of some Toronto club. They're covered with tents. They look stuffed.

The traffic reminds me of Adam and my mother and my last visits to them. I was angry with my mother because after bringing her a computer all the way from Toronto she took her eighty-year-old boyfriend's advice that she couldn't use it. Too blind. Before I stormed out she asked me if there were anything I wanted. I said the old fart's obituary. She slapped my face. I couldn't grieve for her the way I'm grieving for Adam.

Caspar drove me to see Adam at the funeral home in Ossington. We went down there, along the lakeshore. Adam drove home that way every night. On either side of us it was a wasteland of high-rise condos and cheap townhouses. The funeral home was a converted fire hall off an exit ramp at the town line. It was the middle of nowhere. There were a lot of cars in the lot.

We knew that Adam had shot himself. We knew about his "little" gun, a Luger given to him by his father-in-law. We assumed that he had shot himself in the head, and that it would therefore be a closed casket. An obsequious flunky escorted us into a darkened room where they were playing some sort of mellow-jazzy elevator music and there were a lot of Slavic women, his in-laws, hovering about in sequined